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AGUIRRE-SACASA MEDINA HANNA

EVEN IN THE MIDST OF WAR, DAILY LIFE CONTINUES.

THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF ART IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE MIDDLE OF A WEEKDAY.

QUIET CONTEMPLATION.

MAX DILLON (AKA ELECTRO) IS LYING LOW. WAITING FOR THE NEXT PHONE CALL FROM HIS EMPLOYER, THE CHAMELEON.

...AMERICAN ARTIST MARK ROTHKO, BORN 1903, DIED 1970...

HHNN.

BEFORE HE WAS A SUPER-VILLAIN, BEFORE HE WAS A TELEPHONE-WIRE REPAIRMAN, DILLON DREAMED ABOUT BEING AN ARTIST.

(THE SAME WAY A YOUNG GERMAN MAN NAMED ADOLPH ONCE DID.)

OF COURSE, PETER PARKER DOESN'T KNOW THIS. WHICH IS WHY HE ASKS:

SINCE WHEN ARE YOU AN *AESTHETE*, MAX?

...

THAT VOICE...

THE DEADLY FOES OF PETER PARKER

PART TWO OF THREE

YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO RUIN EVERYTHING, DON'T YOU?

FRIGGIN' PARKER!!!

THAT CANVAS WAS...WAS WORTH *MILLIONS*...

TOUGH.

I HAVE ANGER MANAGEMENT ISSUES.

PUT...PUT YOUR HANDS UP AND *GET AWAY FROM THE ART!*

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?

I COULD *FRY YOU* EIGHT WAYS PAST TUESDAY.

ELECTRO...

DAMN IT, PETEY. I'LL GET TO YOU--

--YOU'LL GET TO ME NOW!!

OKAY...

...YOU WANNA MIX IT UP? FINE. BUT AT LEAST SHOW ME YOUR COLORS.

WITH PLEASURE.

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE NEW THREADS YET, HAVE YOU?

INTERESTING. I TRIED A DIFFERENT LOOK ONCE. DIDN'T *STICK.*

AND SHOULD I *BOTHER* ASKING HOW YOU FOUND ME?

MY NEW SUIT HAS *AMAZING* TRACKING CAPABILITIES... I "TELL IT" WHICH OF MY *ROGUES* IS ON THE LOOSE, AND IT STARTS *LOOKING.*

WITH *YOUR* ENERGY SIGNATURES, YOU *STICK OUT* LIKE THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING IN A CORNFIELD.

WHAT'S GOING *ON,* DILLON? WHAT ARE *YOU ALL* PLANNING?

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, *PETEY--*

--WHO THE *HELL* DO YOU MEAN BY "*YOU ALL*"?

THE SCARECROW AND WILL-O'-THE-WISP JUST *TAG-TEAMED* ME NOT TEN BLOCKS FROM HERE, DILLON! SO *DON'T* PRETEND YOU'RE NOT ALL WORKING TOGETHER!

BY THE WAY, DESTROY *ONE* MORE PIECE OF IRREPLACEABLE ART AND IT'LL COST YOU YOUR *TEETH.*

TOUGH TALK FOR SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T HAVE A SECRET IDENTITY ANYMORE, *PETEY.*

EVEN IF I *WERE* WORKING WITH THOSE SECOND-STRINGERS, DO YOU THINK I'D TELL YOU?

NO, BUT YOUR *VITALS* WOULD--

--AND, GUESS WHAT? THEY *ARE.*

OH, WHAT, DID YOUR NEW SUIT JUST RUN A *DIAGNOSTIC* ON ME?

PETEY?

YEAH, AND IT CAN DO A LOT MORE, TOO.

IT CAN ALSO *GROUND YOU*, DILLON.

AND *STEAL* POWER FROM YOU LIKE A *SIPHON.*

AND *BLAST* YOU WITH FEEDBACK.

SZZT!

...

LUCKY, PETER...

Lucky those drugstore glasses let me walk into the museum unnoticed... Lucky Dillon didn't ***KILL*** anyone during our grandstanding...

Lucky I've hopefully bought myself enough time to figure out...

...who ***ELSE*** is out there raising hell or ***WHERE*** the next attack might be.

SCOTLAND.

LADY MACBETH, PLOTTING HER WORST.

(ACTUALLY, THE SOHO PLAYHOUSE AND MARY JANE WATSON-PARKER.)

"COME, YOU SPIRITS THAT TEND ON MORTAL THOUGHTS/ UNSEX ME HERE/AND FILL ME FROM THE CROWN TO THE TOE TOP-FULL/OF DIREST CRUELTY!/MAKE THICK MY BLOOD/STOP UP THE ACCESS AND PASSAGE TO...

"...TO...

"...TO..."

OW!!

SMACK!

UHM... THE WORD IS "REMORSE," MARY JANE. "STOP UP THE ACCESS AND PASSAGE TO ***REMORSE.***"

I KNOW, I KNOW, IT'S JUST THAT I GOT BIT BY... BY...

...WAIT, WHAT'S THAT...

...BUZZING?

MARY JANE DOESN'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT IT IS EXACTLY, BUT SHE KNOWS ENOUGH.

THAT IT MUST BE AFTER HER. THIS CREATURE OF LIVING WASPS AND BEES.

LIKE SOMETHING FROM A CLIVE BARKER STORY.

RUN-- EVERYONE-- OUT OF THE THEATRE!

FRIEND OF YOURS, DARLING?

MY HUSBAND'S, I'M GUESSING.

HEY, BEE-MAN--

--CATCH!!

THE BURLY MAN IS BRIAN SEARS. HE WAS A STUNT-MAN IN LOS ANGELES BEFORE MOVING TO NEW YORK.

HE KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE HIMSELF IN SITUATIONS.

THE SANDBAG WEIGHS SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS.

IT'LL DO SOME OF THE TRICK.

MARY JANE WILL HAVE TO DO THE REST.

DAMMIT, BRIAN--

--ALL THAT'LL DO IS MAKE HIM SCATTER.

MARY JANE RUNS--

--AND SWARM FOLLOWS HER.

(SHE WAS COUNTING ON THAT. TO GIVE THE OTHERS A CHANCE TO--)

EVERYONE, MOVE TOWARDS THE FRONT AND **KEEP CALM.** THEY'RE JUST **BEES,** FOR GOD'S SAKE.

JACQUES, CALL THE POLICE-- OR THOSE ARMORED **DOLTS** WHO **SHOULD'VE** BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON OUR LEADING LADY.

COMEON COMEON--

--CURTAIN CURTAIN CURTAIN--

--CURTAIN!!!

ONCE, WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL, MARY JANE'S FATHER DISLODGED A BEE'S HIVE FROM A TREE IN THEIR BACKYARD.

TO AVOID GETTING STUNG, MJ AND HER DAD RAN INTO A SPRINKLER.

FIRE

FSSSSS!

THE WATER WEIGHED THE BEES DOWN SO THAT THEY COULDN'T MOVE.

PLEASE TELL ME THIS THEATRE'S *INSURANCE* IS PAID UP.

BUT...THOSE WERE NORMAL BEES.

AND THESE ARE BEES AND WASPS CONTROLLED BY A DEAD NAZI SCIENTIST'S REANIMATED SKELETON.

BEGGING THE QUESTION: ONCE THE BEES ARE GONE...

...HOW DO YOU DEAL WITH THE SKELETON?

KA-THUNK!

(WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY.)

BRIAN...?

I JUST *VISUALIZED* MYSELF DOING IT...THEN *DID IT*, MARY JANE.

THE BONES WERE PROBABLY ALREADY HERE WHEN WE STARTED...

AND THE BEES MUST'VE *SLIPPED IN*, ONE BY ONE, PAST TONY'S GUARDS OUTSIDE...

(IN ADDITION TO HIS SKILLS AS A STUNTMAN, BRIAN SEARS HAS BEEN STUDYING STAGE COMBAT FOR THE LAST EIGHT WEEKS.)

+SIGH+

IS *THIS* HOW IT'S GONNA BE FROM NOW ON? EVERY DAY? AM I REALLY GONNA BE A TARGET FOR EVERY *FREAK* PETER'S EVER *TICKED-OFF* AS SPIDER-MAN?

...

WE SHOULD GET YOUR BODY-GUARDS IN HERE, MJ. THAT THING'S *ALREADY* PULLING ITSELF BACK TOGETHER...

ELSEWHERE:

THE CHAMELEON. DMITRI SMERDYAKOV.

MASTER OF DISGUISE. BORDERLINE PSYCHOTIC.

PREPARING TO ENTER THE GAME HIMSELF.

I KNEW. I MADE IT MY MISSION TO FIND OUT WHO YOU WERE, PARKER, AND I DID. I LEARNED SPIDER-MAN'S GREATEST SECRET...

THAT COWARD OSBORN TOLD ME WHAT I'D LONG SUSPECTED...

...AND I CAME AFTER YOUR WIFE, AND SHE...

"...HUMILIATED ME..."

SMASH!

CRASH!

KRESH!

KARACK!

PANT
PANT
PANT
I KNEW, AND THEN...
"...SOMETHING HAPPENED, AND...
CHAMELEON-- NO!!
"...I DIDN'T KNOW ANYMORE."
...HEH... HEH-HEH...
NOW...THE *WORLD* KNOWS, AND THE MASK BECOMES IRRELEVANT. AND *THAT.* IS. UNACCEPTABLE.
I HAD YOU *DEAD TO RIGHTS,* PARKER, BUT NOW...
...I'LL JUST HAVE YOU AND YOUR FAMILY *DEAD.*
YOUR WIFE.
YOU.
AND YOUR AUNT...

...I WANT TO FEEL YOUR AUNT'S FRAIL NECK TWIST AND SNAP BENEATH MY *FINGERS.*

"I'M CONFUSED, CAT. *WHY* ARE YOU SO ANGRY?"

I'M *UPSET* BECAUSE YOU COULD'VE *TOLD ME,* PETER. I DIDN'T *HAVE* TO FIND OUT ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD.

THAT WASN'T A LUXURY I *HAD,* FELICIA. BESIDES--

--I'M JUST YOUR *BAD-GIRL* EX-GIRLFRIEND, SO WHAT DOES IT *MATTER?*

I *THINK* WE'VE GONE A LITTLE *DEEPER* THAN THAT, HAVEN'T WE? I *THINK* WE OWE EACH OTHER A LITTLE MORE RESPECT THAN THAT, DON'T WE?

FELICIA...

A PHONE CALL, AN E-MAIL-- WOULD THAT HAVE *KILLED* YOU?

ACTUALLY--

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

I DO, AND... YOU'RE *RIGHT*-- I'M SORRY. THE LAST FEW MONTHS HAVE BEEN...

DO YOU EVER GET THE FEELING THAT YOU'RE NOT *LIVING* YOUR LIFE, YOU'RE JUST *WATCHING IT* ON FAST-FORWARD?

UH...I HATE TO TELL YOU, BUT THAT KIND OF COMES WITH THE TERRITORY.

I FORGET THAT SOMETIMES...

...

ALL RIGHT, *ENOUGH* GUILT-TRIPPING. WHAT DO YOU *NEED*, LOVERBOY?

SOMEONE'S *PLAYING WITH ME*, FELICIA. SOMEONE'S SENDING GOONS AFTER ME AND AFTER MJ.

AFTER THE MISSUS? WHAT HAPPENED?

"SHE'S OKAY, I JUST CAME FROM SEEING HER AT THE HOSPITAL."

"ARE YOU *SERIOUS?*"

"SHE AND HER FRIENDS WERE BEING TREATED FOR *BEE STINGS*, BUT SHE'S *FINE*."

"WHAT ABOUT MAY? IS *SHE* BEING TARGETED, TOO?"

"NOT YET, THANK GOD. PLUS, SHE'S UNDER SOME *SERIOUSLY* ARMORED PROTECTION."

HEAVENS, ALL THIS *FUSS* FOR A TRIP TO THE FOOD EMPORIUM...

WHO'S PULLING THE STRINGS, DO YOU THINK? OSBORN?

NO, NORMAN'S A GENIUS, A *MASTERMIND*.

THIS FEELS MORE...*HAPHAZARD*. LIKE IT'S SOMEONE WHO'S *TRYING* TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE *CRAP-STORM* MY OUTING KICKED UP, BUT WITHOUT... THINKING IT THROUGH.

HHN.

I'M FEELING A *FAVOR* COMING ON...

YEAH--WELL--SINCE MY PROFILE HAS BEEN *RAISED* KIND OF PERMANENTLY, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE A MOVE AS PETER PARKER *OR* SPIDER-MAN WITHOUT CAUSING AN... INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.

I CAN IMAGINE. YOU'RE BIGGER THAN... *BRANGELINA*, AT THE MOMENT.

I MEAN, *LOOK.*

I NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN OPERATE A LITTLE MORE... *OFF-GRID.* WATCHING *MY* BACK, WATCHING MY *FRIENDS'* BACKS...

...*ESPECIALLY* IF THESE GOONS ARE WORKING TOGETHER.

PETER PARKER

SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN

SOMEONE FUNCTIONING ON THE *DOWN-LOW*, WHILE YOU...

...DRAW THEIR FIRE OUT IN THE OPEN, YEAH.

I KNOW THAT'S ASKING--

--OH, WAIT. HANG ON, WHILE I--

BRINGG! BRINGG!

--HELLO?

PETER, IT'S LIZ, *LIZ ALLAN.*

OH, MAN, LIZZY, HOW ARE YOU? I'VE BEEN MEANING...

...

WAIT, *WHAT'S* HAPPENED TO YOUR SON?

IT'S *AWFUL*, PETER. IT'S MARK, IT'S THE *MOLTEN MAN.*

HE TOOK LITTLE NORMIE AND SAYS HE WON'T GIVE HIM BACK UNTIL *YOU* MEET HIM.

...

NO, HE WANTS US TO WAIT *HERE* FOR HIS PHONE CALL.

ALL RIGHT, LIZ, DON'T WORRY-- YOUR SON'LL BE *FINE*, I PROMISE.

SIT *TIGHT* AND I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

ON THE CLOCK ALREADY.

JEEZ...

"...HOW MANY *EX-GIRLFRIENDS* ARE YOU GONNA HAVE TO *TEND TO* NOW THAT YOUR SECRET'S OUT, HANDSOME?"

HE'S ON HIS WAY, YOU MANIACS. JUST...

...JUST DON'T MAKE HIM *SUFFER* WHEN YOU DO IT, ALL RIGHT?

"*THERE.* THAT WASN'T A VERY EXCITING TRIP TO THE STORE, WAS IT?"

TONY STARK'S DIRECTIVES WERE CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, MA'AM.

STICK BY YOU LIKE WHITE ON RICE UNLESS--

--UNLESS I'M KEEPING AN EYE ON HER.

HEY, AUNT MAY.

PETER! SHOULDN'T YOU BE...DOING YOUR DUTY? WITH THE OTHER HEROES?

THAT'S WHERE I'VE BEEN, ALL LAST NIGHT, ALL MORNING LONG.

IT'S COOL, GUYS, I'LL TAKE OVER THE CHAPERONING.

AFFIRMATIVE, SIR. WE'LL BE HOVERING OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT, IF YOU NEED US.

OH, I THINK WE'LL BE OKAY.

...

HEY, DO YOU HAVE YOUR KEY-CARD, AUNT MAY, OR SHOULD I DIG *MINE* OUT?

NO, NO, I'VE GOT IT RIGHT HERE, PETER.

WELL, IN THAT CASE...

AFTER YOU.